



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.
BY SARAH PRATT CLARK
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. E. WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens during a trip of the "Overland Mail" through the Rocky mountains. "Uncle Billy" Dodge, stage driver, Alfred Vincent, a young man, and Phineas Cadwallader, introduced. They come across the remains of a massacre. Later at Anthony's station they find the skeletons have carried their destructive work there also. Stella, daughter of Anthony, keeper of station, is introduced. Anthony has been killed. Stella is assigned his work in unearthing plans of enemies of railroad being built. Vincent visits town where railroad men are working the road and receives token of esteem from Stella. The old stage driver decides to work close to town in order that he may be able to keep fatherly watch over the young woman. She is engaged as a tutor for Viola Bernard, daughter of hotel and stage owner. Vincent visits society circles of enemies of the Central Pacific railroad and learns their secret. He returns to Stella, each showing signs of love for the other. Phineas Cadwallader, pushing a railroad opposing Central Pacific, reaches mining town. She writes to Alfred Vincent his town. Plying his attentions Cadwallader insinuates her and she is rescued by Gideon, her father's servant. In turn he proposes marriage, is rejected, leaves her declaring she will return the sort of a woman she will love. Vincent "shows up" San Francisco and Washoe road and is praised by Gideon. Stella is assigned to work on the ship. Being known as agent of C. P. he decides to retire to position of a brakeman for a short time. Stella hears from her lover, Gideon, and of his phenomenal success. Stella writes to Alfred Vincent, and the latter tells her of a perfect plan of evidence connecting him with plot to blow up "Flora." Support of San Francisco and Washoe railroad is undermined by sale of a link to Central Pacific. Stella and Alfred show love for each other despite hostility of Gideon. Ball and dramatic performance proves big social occasion in railroad town. Alfred and Stella pledge their truth and former is compelled to leave on company business. Mrs. Bernard leaves for scene of husband's recent "strikes" leaving Stella in charge. Again the girl repulses Cadwallader's advances. In the morning Miss Hamilton, a niece of a railroad official, about the camp, Alfred somewhat neglects Stella, who shows pain at treatment.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Why don't you buy abroad?" "Our franchise forbids that; and American foundries can't make it fast enough. What we do buy is so long getting here! Twenty thousand miles! That's a sail for you. And the gales, and wrecks! By George! I wish it was quicker and safer."

As they neared the camps their conversation changed from railroad to other subjects—the latest book; the newest dance; the poem or picture most in the public eye. From topic to topic they flitted, up and down the polite world of their day.

To Stella, striving to lose no word, it was new, intoxicating. "That's my world, too," she thought. "I could say things like those. I know a little of mythology and history." She wondered why she had never used such language with Alfred, why he had not talked with her as he did now with Miss Hamilton.

Stella lifted her head in a spirit of rebellion quite new to her. She could never acquire this subtle manner; and she should not stand in Alfred's way. He would succeed. From serving her would soon advance to ordering. He would need a wife like Miss Hamilton. Mr. Crocker called Alfred for some questioning, and in his absence Miss Hamilton turned to Stella. "I'm afraid I'm monopolizing this opportunity, Miss Anthony. It's my first visit, you know."

"It is my first visit here, also," Stella replied. "Your first?" Miss Hamilton's eyes opened wide with not too civil question. "Oh," she laughed, "if you live here and don't care enough to come and see these wonderful things I shan't let my conscience sit up nights over my monopoly of Mr. Vincent—and the conversation." She turned to smile at Alfred reappearing, and Stella was without opportunity to explain that, despite enthusiasm and appreciation, the railroad grade was not a proper promenade for a girl alone.

The young people lagged, in spite of the call of the leaders, and arrived at the camps to find them already alive with men and beasts.

"Oh, I must see the Chinese camps," Miss Hamilton cried. "I've heard of them."

They were in time to see the cooks serving from great cauldrons to each man his little keeler full of boiling water. There was also an array of big black pots simmering over camp fires, yet white and savory messes were within, announced by attractive odors.

"What do they do with those little tubs?" Miss Hamilton asked, as she saw the coolies disappear within tents or brush shacks.

"Each man takes a hot sponge bath and dresses in clean clothes before he eats."

"Is to-day any special occasion?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"They do that every night in the year. They never sleep in their working clothes."

"What an example to Americans! My respect for the disciples of Confucius has risen to a hundred."

She wished to stay to see the yellow men in "dinner dress," squatting with their little bowls and chopsticks, chattering over their "licey," but her uncle sent back a second hurrying summons that held a note of impatience, and Stella pushed ahead with sure steps, following her temporary escort. But Miss Hamilton, unused to rough going, and in spite of Alfred's watchfulness, turned her ankle and arrived at the road pale and weak with pain, leaning heavily on his arm. Yet her gay bravery deceived her uncle, though she clasped Stella's extended hand sharply as the two men lifted her into the coach.

It was quite dark when they drove

splendid!" she exclaimed as they came under the lamp.

"Don't she, ma?" echoed Viola, heartily.

"Say, honey, them tiger lilies suits you; an' I'd never 'a' thought it. They got colors in 'em like yo' hair an' eyes, shore's yo're born. Then they're kinder secret an' powerful lookin', like they could do things to all the other flowers."

"What an odd idea!" Stella said wonderingly.

"Is it? Well nobody won't git their secrets a-studyin' of their looks; no more will they your'n, Stella. Your face gits secretar an' elegantar every day."

Sally B. never paused for a word. It might not be the right one, but her meaning carried, as the message of the master in spite of poor instrument and blundering fingers.

The band was playing as they entered.

Stella's quick eye noted with sudden aversion the three reserved chairs, and the absence of Alfred and Miss Hamilton. "Let me sit on this side with you and Viola, won't you, Miss Sally?" she asked softly.

"But there's no seat on this side, chicken." Sally B.'s whisper was far audible.

A gentleman rose at once and offered her arm, which Stella accepted to save further confusion. She was rosy with embarrassment, though no other hint of it showed in her stately walk around the long table.

Stella was hardly seated when Miss Hamilton entered, leaning on Alfred's arm in the dependent style of the time.

Miss Hamilton had timed her coming to that awkward instant common to banquets, when all await some incomprehensible delay, and when any diversion is welcome. The two walked slowly down the long room, Miss Hamilton's step and movements so perfectly artful that they seemed artless—young women were so trained then.

A hum of admiration went round. Stella had not before seen Alfred in evening dress. The night he wore Romeo's velvet and laces he was more splendid; but this conventional dress, thinly displaying his slim figure, belonged to a world she knew not.

The toastmaster now rapped for order. The conversation and laughter ceased, the soft rustle of serving and eating hushed, and the speeches began.

Mr. Crocker spoke first, to the general topic: "The Railroad." He told the story of its inception and progress, paying tribute to Theodore T. Judah, to the men who furthered the undertaking in congress and legislature, to all the officers, especially to Mr. Gregory; and closed with a neat compliment to Alfred. Stella ever so gently pressed his arm with her own; but the woman on the other side smiled alluringly into his face, and pouted at her uncle.

"Uncle Charley didn't say half enough about you," she whispered, yet Stella heard it.

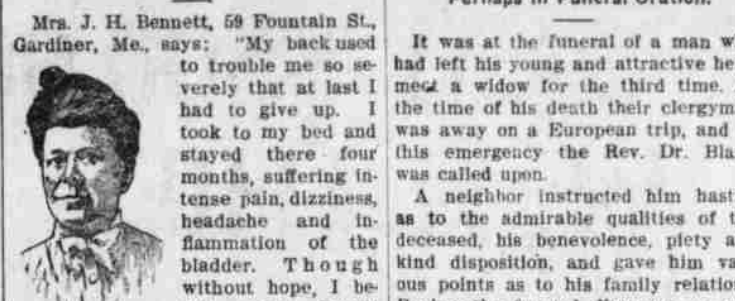
"I shall tell him he has left his debt of gratitude for me to liquidate," the beauty continued. "Or—or can I pay Uncle Charley's scores?" she questioned in mock humility, leaning to ward Alfred till her breath brushed his cheek. "Perhaps my coin is no current in your market."

Of course, he had to meet her badinage. She meant her coin should be current with him, and above par; and he would have been lee had he entirely escaped the spell of her witticisms.

Several speeches followed, among them Mr. Ludlow's memorable toast "The Pacific Railroad, the Beautiful Belt of the Union, with California at the Golden Buckle."

RAISED FROM SICK BED.

After All Hope Had Vanished.



Mrs. J. H. Bennett, 59 Fountain St., Gardiner, Me., says: "My back used to trouble me so severely that at last I had to give up. I took to my bed and stayed there four months, suffering intense pain, dizziness, headache and inflammation of the bladder. Though without hope, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, and in three months was completely cured. The trouble has never returned."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

NAME WAS A COMPROMISE.

Explanation of Remarkable Cognomen of Nevada Town.

A Nevada man having extensive mining claims in the goldfield region tells of a lucky strike that was made last year near Carson City, a strike that proved to be of such promise that a goodly sized camp immediately sprang up around it.

The two principal mine owners were, respectively, an Irishman and a Jew, and as a compromise to these leading citizens the camp decided to leave to them the bestowal of a suitable name upon the new community.

There followed many conferences between the two, none of which resulted in an agreement. The Irishman stood out for a name that would suggest his native isle, while the Jew was just as insistent, on his part, for a name that should be suggestive of the chosen people. This deadlock continued so long that the rest of the camp grew restless, and finally insisted that there should be a compromise. So the new camp was called "Tipperusalem."—Lippincott's.

SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

First Had Itching Rash—Threatened Later With Blood-Poison in Leg—Relied on Cuticura Remedies.

"About twelve or fifteen years ago I had a breaking-out, and it itched, and stung so badly that I could not have any peace because of it. Three doctors did not help me. Then I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent and began to get better right away. They cured me and I have not been bothered with the itching since, to amount to anything. About two years ago I had a gripe and pneumonia which left me with a pain in my side. Treatment ran it into my leg, which then swelled and began to break out. The doctor was afraid it would turn to blood-poison. I used his medicine but it did no good, then I used the Cuticura Remedies three times and cured the breaking-out on my leg. J. F. Hennen, Milan, Mo., May 13, 1907."

NOT DOLLARS, BUT EGGS.

First Thespian—When I was playing in Kansas City and getting my 200 a night—

Second Ditto—Hold on, there, Monty; make that five!

Third Thespian—No, Jack; upon my honor—200 a night regular. Eggs are cheap there.

Gave 'I' to Them Straight.

At a heavy transfer point on Sixth avenue, says a letter to the New York Times, few seats being vacant on a Twenty-third street car, a youth darted under the arm of a stout woman and plumped himself down in the seat she was about to occupy. Glaring, she hurled at him: "If I wasn't a perfect lady I'd swear you one on the mouth." Another young man arose, raised his hat, and begged her to sit down. When seated she beamed upon him and said: "Sir, you're a gentleman; them others is hogs."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and acts in the blood. Sold by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials free. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Nobody Else Loved Her.

In her new autumn gown she regarded her complexion complacently in the long glass.

"I must confess," she said, "that I am in love with myself."

"Then you should be happy," said her chum, tartly, "for you haven't a rival."

How often do smart clothes excite shabby remarks!

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Blackwell's. Ma Twaddles—Well, here's a "Napoleon of Wall street," who is well named.

Pa Twaddles—How's that? Ma Twaddles—He's spending his last days on the island.—Cleveland Leader.

Worse Than Labor.

He has the hardest work who has nothing to do.—Epictetus.

MINISTER A TRIFLE MIXED UP.

Consequently There Was an Awkward Perhaps in Funeral Oration.



It was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death their clergyman was away on a European trip, and in this emergency the Rev. Dr. Blank was called upon.

A neighbor instructed him hastily as to the admirable qualities of the deceased, his benevolence, piety and kind disposition, and gave him various points as to his family relations. During the funeral discourse no outsider would have suspected that the clergyman had not been a lifelong friend of the dead man. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a trifle confused. He said:

"And now we commend to thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again. Then hesitating an instant, he added: "And perhaps again."

Australia's Wild Oysters.

Oysters are sometimes regarded as dangerous but they are not usually considered savage. A Queensland judge, however, has decided that they are wild beasts. Before a royal commission on the pearling industry, a witness stated that eight years ago he had laid 100,000 shells in the neighborhood of Friday island. The Japanese stole the shells, and the district court judge held that as pearl shell oysters were wild animals there was no penalty for stealing them.

Was Used to It.

On a very hot Sunday morning James was required to accompany his father to church.

That was contrary to his inclination. "Father," said he, "why need people go to church when it is so hot?" "My son," his father replied, "Satan is around as much in hot weather as at any time."

ALL'S TO BE FEARED WHERE ALL'S TO BE GAINED.—Byron.

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